

CRACKAJACK

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

10¢

OCTOBER
No. 40

Gummies

The
OWL

CYCLONE

THE CRUSOES
ELLERY QUEEN
FLYING FORTRESS
AND MANY OTHER
EXCITING FEATURES





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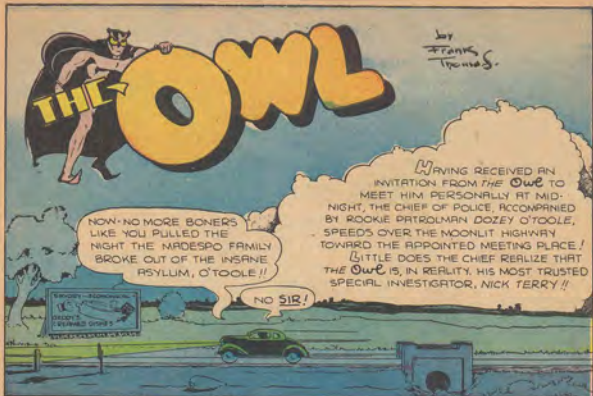
SMOKEY STOVER

DAINTY IN THE NECK BY THE BELL & HOLMAN GONGDOOMERS
DOCTOR OF BOOGYDOOM



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DRAT IT!! - I SURE HATE TO LEAVE THAT MADESPO CASE - EVEN FOR JUST ONE NIGHT! - THE LIVES OF INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE IN PERIL EVERY MINUTE THAT "MA" MADESPO AND HER FOUR CRAZY SONS ARE AT LARGE!

- BUT WE'RE OUT AFTER BIG GAME TONIGHT, AREN'T WE, CHIEF?



YEH! - THE NERVE OF THAT CURSED OWL - SENDIN' ME A NOTE DARIN' ME TO MEET HIM!! - HE'S MADE MONKEYS OUT OF THE POLICE FORCE FOR THE LAST TIME! - TONIGHT I'LL CAPTURE HIM AN' - HM!

- THERE'S THE OLD MORGAN PLACE, O'TOOLE! - SLOW DOWN AND TURN OFF YER LIGHTS!



- WE'LL WALK FROM HERE IN - THE OWL SAID HE'D BE AT THE FORK OF THE CREEK BACK OF THE OLD MORGAN MANSION

- S-SAY - IT'S AWFUL QUIET IN HERE, AIN'T IT O'TOOLE?

- YES SIR!



THE OWL



THE OWL

FRIENDS HE SAYS!! -WHY YOU'VE MADE ME AN' MY FORCE THE LAUGHIN' STOCK OF THE COUNTRY!! -I OUGHTA PLUG YA' RIGHT N—

I'VE ALWAYS NORKED ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW—AND YOU KNOW IT, CHIEF!

-BUT WE'VE NO TIME TO ARGUE—LISTEN TO ME—THIS IS THE HIDEOUT OF THE MADESPOS! -I KNEW YOU WOULD DISCOVER IT SOONER OR LATER—“MA” MADESPO, HER FOUR SONS, AND A TRAINED GORILLA ARE OVER THERE IN THE OLD MORGAN HOUSE!!—THEY'VE FORTIFIED THE PLACE—YOU AND YOUR MEN HAVEN'T A CHANCE TO TAKE THEM!

THEY'VE MACHINE GUNS AT EVERY WINDOW, ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS ON THE ROOF, AND EVEN UNDERGROUND FORTIFICATIONS BACK OF THE HOUSE!—TAKE MY ADVICE, SAVE UNNECESSARY BLOOD-SHED AND LET ME HANDLE THIS!

LET YOU HANDLE IT!?!—NOT ON YOUR LIFE!—WHAT'S MORE I'M ARRESTING YOU—WHY—WHY—HE'S DISAPPEARED!! GONE!

TO RETURN TO OFFICER OTOOLE—

CHIEF SAID I HAD TO STAY HERE, BUT MEBBE IF I CLIMB UP I CAN GET A LOOK AT THE OWL!!

LE'S SEE NOW—
OOOPS!

CRACK

CRASH!

O'TOOLE!-O'TOOLE!
ARE YOU HURT??

NRW! I LANDED ON MY HEAD!

THE OWL

BUT INSIDE THE OLD MORGAN MANSION, THE NOISE OF O'TOOLE'S FALL REACHES THE KEEN EARS OF THE INSANE MADESPO FAMILY!

WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

SOMEONE IS ON THE GROUNDS!



-THEY'RE SNOOPIN' AROUND-TWO OF 'EM-
-IT'S COPS!-LET 'EM HAVE IT, MA!



THE OWL WAS RIGHT -THEY GOT MACHINE GUNS!- LISTEN O'TOOLE, WE'RE GOIN' BACK TO THE CITY AND GET THE WHOLE POLICE FORCE OUT HERE -AN' IF THAT AIN'T ENOUGH, I'LL PHONE KITCHELL FIELD AND HAVE THE ARMY AIR CORPS BOMB THE MADESPOS OUT!!



SHIFTING OUR SCENE TO THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT OF NICK TERRY, WE FIND THAT THE ARRIVAL OF BELLE WAYNE, NICK'S FIANCEE AND ASSISTANT, IS CAUSING TROUBLE FOR SOTO, HIS CHINESE VALET!

-BUT MIST' TERRY I CANT HELP DIDNT SAY OKAY THAT, SOTO! YOU FLY UP -I'M TAKING THE OWLPLANE!-NOW ARE YOU GOING TO HELP ME, OR NOT?



THE OWLPLANE IS ROLLED FROM ITS SECRET HANGAR ATOP THE PENTHOUSE!

DONT LOOK SO WORRIED, SOTO, -I'LL TAKE FULL BLAME IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG -WHICH IT WON'T!



THERE SHE GOES!-IF MIS' BELLE GETS INTO TROUBLE, MIST' TERRY MAKE PLENTY TROUBLE FOR CHINA BOY!-OHH-ME!-TROUBLE DOUBLE!



MISTER NICK TERRY THE OWL HAS A NERVE!! -TELLING ME HE'S FOUND THE MADESPOS AT THE OLD MORGAN MANSION, BUT THAT HE WONT NEED MY HELP TO CAPTURE THEM!-IF THERE'S TO BE ANY FIREWORKS, I'M GOING TO BE IN ON IT-ORDERS OR NO ORDERS!



THE OWL

SOON THE OLD ROAD LEADING TO THE MORGAN MANSE IS CHOKED WITH POLICE CARS AND MOTORCYCLES, AS THE CHIEF RETURNS FROM THE CITY WITH HIS MEN!



WE'LL SHOW THE OWL WHETHER WE CAN HANDLE THIS SITUATION OR NOT, EH, O'TOOLE?—I'VE ARRANGED WITH THE ARMY FOR BOMBERS TO BE SENT FROM KITCHELL FIELD!!



LEAVE THE CARS HERE, MEN, AND SURROUND THE OLD MORGAN PLACE—THE ARMY BOMBERS WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE—IF THE BOMBS DON'T GET THE MAD MADESPOS, WE WILL!



FROM THE ROOF OF THE MADESPO HOUSE—

THE CHIEF'S BACK WITH PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE FORCE—NOW THERE'LL BE THE DEUCE TO PAY!—WHY CAN'T HE LISTEN—HSS-SST! —DO I HEAR AIRPLANES?



ARMY BOMBERS!—THE CHIEF HAS GONE CRAZY MAD!!—I HOPE THOSE PILOTS KNOW THAT THE MADESPOS HAVE ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY!!



WHAT'S THIS?—ANOTHER SHIP—A SMALL ONE—COMING FROM THE NORTH!



—WHY—IT'S MY OWN—IT'S THE OWLPLANE!!—IT MUST BE BELLE—AND SHE'S FLYING LOW! —BELLE!—GO BACK—GO BACK!! —ANTI-AIRCRAFT!! OH!—WHAT A MESS!



THE OWL

UNAWARE OF THE DANGEROUS SITUATION, BELLE CIRCLES ABOVE HER OBJECTIVE —

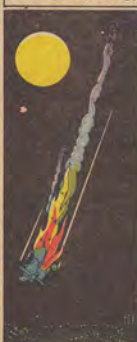
WELL, HERE'S THE OLD MORGAN — SAY!! —
-ARMY BOMBERS! — I WONDER WHERE
THEY'RE GOING?!



WITH THE SHELLS
BURSTING ALL ABOUT
HER, BELLE MANEU-
VERS DESPERATELY,
BUT



LIKE A COMET, THE
BLAZING OWLPLANE
STREAKS EARTHWARD!



WITH THE ROAR OF PLANES OVERHEAD,
THE MADEPOS LOSE NO TIME IN MANNING
THEIR ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN!!

BOMB US, WILL THEY?! — WE'LL SHOW 'EM!
— HURRY, MY SONS!



WASN'T THAT PURTY?
MA! — NOW
AIM FOR THAT
LITTLE ONE
FLYING LOW!



OH! — ANTI-AIRCRAFT
FIRE! — 'MUST CLIMB—
AND FAST!



HA-HA! — JES!
LIKE SHOOTIN'
DUCKS!



BUT MA! LAUGHS
TOO SOON — FOR
THE ARMY BOMB-
ERS LET LOOSE
A DEADLY SALVO
ON THE OLD
MANSION!

THE OWL

THEY'VE HIT THE HOUSE!-RUN FOR THE BASEMENT WHILE WE CAN!-WE'LL ENTER OUR UNDERGROUND FORTIFICATIONS!



NOW, MY SONS, WE ARE SAFE-
-WHA-??!



SO!-THEY WERE GOING TO LEAVE YOU TO DIE,
-EH, OL' BOY?-WELL,
WE'LL FOOL 'EM!



MYSTER GORILLA, YOU CAN BE FRONT ENGINE ON THIS TRAIN!



MA!-WE LEFT THE GORILLA CHAINED DOWN HERE!



LET HIM BURN!-THERE'S NO ROOM FOR HIM IN THE UNDERGROUND SHELTER, ANYWAY!
-COME, HELP ME UNLOCK THIS DOOR!



HELPLESS WITHOUT YOUR GUNS-AREN'T YOU-YOU MANIACS?!



IT'S GETTING SMOKY!!
-WE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!!



THE OWL

FILLED WITH GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION FOR THE MAN WHO SAVED HIS LIFE, THE GORILLA THINKS ONLY OF THE Owl's WELFARE!

WITH THE SEMI-CONSCIOUS Owl IN HIS ARMS, THE GORILLA BATTLES HIS WAY THROUGH THE FLAMES, DRAGGING THE MADESPOS AFTER HIM!

GET US OUT OF HERE-YOU CRAZY APE !!



REACHING THE OPEN, THEY MAKE A MAD DASH ACROSS THE FIRELIT CLEARING !!

AFTER A WILD RACE THROUGH THE FOREST, THE GORILLA COMES TO A HALT !!



WHAT'S THIS? - SOME-ONE STAGGERS OUT OF THE NEARBY THICKET!

BELLE!! - YOU MUST HAVE BEEN THROWN CLEAR WHEN YOU STRUCK! - THANK HEAVEN! - BUT, WE MUST HURRY OUT OF HERE - I CAN HEAR CHIEF AND THE BOYS GETTING CLOSER! - WE'LL CIRCLE AROUND, TAKE ONE OF THE POLICE CARS AND HIT FOR THE CITY!

THAT, FAIR ONE, IS A GORILLA - FEAR HIM NOT, FOR HE IS MY PAL! - I'M GOING TO PIN THIS NOTE ON HIM - THEN WE'LL BEAT IT!

N-NICK! - I'M ALIVE - I GUESS -



HERE THEY ARE!



Dear Chief:
Here are the Madespoo -
Treat the gorilla kindly
for he is a nice fellow
and - well, somehow, he
reminds me of you.

xxxooo

The Owl CONTINUED

READ **DICK** **TRACY**



NEW
IN THIS ISSUE

"**LIGHTNING**" **JIM**

APPEARING IN
SUPER COMICS

10¢
EVERYWHERE

WILL ROGERS AND U.S. FLAG

Nicaragua Will Rogers Airmail and Panama Constitution stamp showing U. S. "Old Glory" in full natural colors, also odd "Holy Grail" TRIANGLE, gigantic NORTH MONGOLIA DIAMOND (largest in the world), and Pope Pius "Peace" stamp, odd lands, queer "Puppen" country, Slave Colony, war countries, etc. In LOT 51 DIFFERENT STAMPS only 5¢ with up tovals.

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FREE! 29 BORNEO, LIBERIA, ETC.

Big packet 29 all different Borneo (ant-war), Liberia, South Seas, Kenya, Uganda, Togo, and many other odd lands. ENTIRELY FREE with our fine COACHESS LIBRARY. Send 3¢ postage today!

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60¢ **GO. V. CORONATION** **3¢**
DIFF (Pier stamping price most Clayton 1¢, Leonard 1¢, Fox & Co. 1¢, etc.—60¢ choice here. 3¢ to nearest service agencies.)
YAHAM STAMP CO. 672 SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

STAMPS

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Pimlico-D Baltimore, MD.

1941 STAMP CATALOGUE FREE

Lists British North America, United States, Foreign. Sixty Pages. Illustrated. FREE.

GRAY STAMP COMPANY
Dept. DC Toronto, Canada

FREE! - LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLE!

Showing plane over jungle, also Snake stamp, Silver Jubilee, Mermaid stamp, Gobi Desert, Devil's Island, set U. S. (nearly 50 years old!), etc.—ALL FREE with approvals. Send 3¢ postage.

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FREE CANADA FREE
Royal Visit Set Complete
To Approval Applicants
CHESTER CO. Box 848-D
YONK, N.Y.

GREAT 4 DAY PRICE FOR 5¢ OFFER!

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including Air Mail, Presidential, high values, 19th Century, Commemorative, Civil, revenues etc. to applicants for our Bargain Approvals. Free Big Lists included.

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PONY EXPRESS SET

Few collectors have ever seen these rare U. S. locally issued by Wells, Fargo & Co. in 1861! Since originals are practically unobtainable we will send a free set of facsimile reproductions to approval applicants who include 4¢ (four cents) postage.

R. D. Roberts & Co., 405 Shaver Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

CYCLONE



ESCAPING FROM THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF SMOKING MOUNTAIN, THE "SNIDGRASS EXPEDITION" FINDS AN ABANDONED RAFT. WITH CYCLONE AT THE STEERING OAR, THEY DRIVE SWIFTLY DOWNSTREAM TOWARD THE AUSTRALIAN SEACOAST.

BOB FOSTER/DAVID



CYCLONE



CYCLONE



CYCLONE



CYCLONE



CYCLONE



CYCLONE



CYCLONE



MIDGE! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

YEP! IT'S ANOTHER STEAMER HEADING TOWARD THIS ISLAND! THEY MUST HAVE SIGHTED OUR WRECKED CATTLE BOAT!



THEY'RE SENDING A SMALL BOAT ASHORE FOR US!



CYCLONE! IT'S REALLY YOU! I GLIMPSED YOU THROUGH THE SHIP'S TELESCOPE!

SANDY WATERS! I THOUGHT YOU WERE HALFWAY TO SAN FRANCISCO!



WE'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE YOU OFF THIS ISLAND BUT WE'RE BOUND FOR SOUTH AMERICA!

THANKS, MISTER. MY CREW AND I WILL WAIT HERE WITH THE CATTLE UNTIL A SHIP CAN BE SENT FOR US. YOU CAN RADIO OUR STORY TO SYDNEY.



IF YOUR SHIP'S BOUND FOR SOUTH AMERICA, MISTER, MAYBE YOU'D LET MIDGE AND ME WORK OUR WAY THAT FAR... WE'RE FLAT BUSTED!

WHY ER... I SUPPOSE.

HAW! DON'T BE SILLY, CYCLONE. WHEN I'VE PAID YOUR SALARIES EARNED ON THE SNODGRASS EXPEDITION, YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY.



BUT, SNODDY-- I MEAN SIR HENRY! FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS IS TEN TIMES WHAT WE EARNED!

NON SENSE, MY DEAR FELLOW! I'VE A HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE IN THE BANK AT SYDNEY-- WHERE I'LL BE GOING ON THE NEXT CATTLE BOAT!

SH-HH!



SO LONG, SNODDY! WE'VE GOT TO SWIM OUT TO THE SHIP!

SO LONG, PARTNER! AND I SAY-- PERHAPS WE'LL MEET AGAIN SOME DAY! WHO KNOWS?

YES-- WHO KNOWS? BUT SOUTH AMERICA IS ALONG WAY FROM AUSTRALIA, AND CYCLONE AND MIDGE MEET STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

ELLERY QUEEN

ELLERY QUEEN, MASTER DETECTIVE, AND HIS PART SECRETARY NIKU PORTER, ARRIVE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SHURANE-VILLE IN ANSWER TO THE URGENT REQUEST OF HENRY SHURANE, DESCENDANT OF ONE OF THE FOUNDERS...

LOOK AT THE DIFFERENCE IN THE TWO GRAVEYARDS ELLERY—ONE SO NEAT THE OTHER SO UNKEPT!

THE NEXT ONE IS THE ANCESTRAL RESTING PLACE OF THE SHURANES WHO FOUNDED AND OWN THE TOWN—THE OTHER IS FOR THE POOR FOLK WHO DON'T BEAR THE NAME "SHURANE"



AND IS THIS HENRY SHURANE WHO CALLED YOU DOWN HERE, ELL?

I WENT TO SCHOOL WITH HIM—HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN YEARS—IT SEEMS THAT A SERIES OF MURDERS INVOLVING GHOSTS HAVE BEEN PLAYING HAVOC IN HIS FAMILY—FOUR VICTIMS IN THE LAST WEEK!



HON ANY CLUES?

NOPE—EXCEPT THAT THE VICTIMS HAVE BEEN FOUND LYING ON TOP OF THE GRAVES OF THEIR ANCESTORS IN THAT GRAVEYARD HE JUST PASSED—

AND THEY THINK THAT THEIR ANCESTORS HAVE COME BACK TO CLAIM THEM?

SO THE NOTES THAT THE "GHOSTS" LEAVE BEHIND SAY—who-ever the REAL MURDERER IS HAS A CRUEL SENSE OF HUMOR, ELL?



ELLERY QUEEN



ELLERY QUEEN



ELLERY QUEEN



STOP!

AT THIS POINT ELLERY QUEEN LOGICALLY DEDUCED THE IDENTITY OF THE MURDERER - THIS IS A TOUGH ONE, BUT MURDERER NO. 100 HAVE GOWNED HIS IDENTITY AND THE SECRET OF THE SHURANE GHOSTS!

ELLERY QUEEN



ELLERY QUEEN



WITHOUT BREAKING HE STRODE THE MYSTERIOUS MURDERER DIES OVER THE WALL, DOWN TO THE GRAVES OF THE SHURANES!





THE CRUZE FAMILY, FIRMLY ESTABLISHED IN THEIR NEW FARM HOME, REALIZE THAT TO GIVE UP THEIR IDYLIC TREE-HOUSE NEAR THE COAST, WOULD BE FOOLHARDY. PAUL AND HIS TWO YOUNG NATIVE COMPANIONS, BIFF AND BAM, TAKE UP RESIDENCE AT THE TREE-HOUSE AFTER COMPLETING A TELEPHONE LINE, MADE OF THE OLD SHIP PHONE, BETWEEN THE FARM AND TREE-HOUSE...



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES

A FEW MINUTES AFTER THEY ARE SETTLED IN CAMP, BEE AND BAMB'S FATHER COMES OVER TO EXAMINE A SPEAR...



TUOH DILSE-
WOOBOOGIE
YVOK!

TCUINE! TCUINE!

FOR DEET'S SAKE... HE SAY... **SHUT UP!**



I'VE GOT TO GET OUT
OR HERE... **THE
FAMILY NEEDS
ME! THEY'LL
ALL BE
KILLED!**

WHEN DARK COME...
MAYBE WE
MAKE RUN
OUT!

TOO LATE,
THEN TO
HELP PAUL
FATHER AND
MOTHER!



SSSTT...
TUIN YVOKOE,
YVOK!

IT'S YOUR DAD!...
HE'S GONNA
HELP US
ESCAPE!



LACH! LACH! IF THAT MEANS TURNING
IN YOUR LINGO... TELL
IT TO HIM FOR ME
TOO!



WHILE THE REST OF THE WARRIORS EAT AND SLEEP, THEY MAKE THEIR ESCAPE INTO THE JUNGLE...



YOUR DAD'S
A PRINCE... HE
NEVEN BROUGHT
OUR HORSES.

POMAKI VORECU
ARISE **KYASH!**

HE SAY HE WANT COME US...
THEY KILL
HIM IF HE
STAY

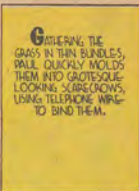
HE HELP US... WE
TAKE HIM, YES?



YOU BET! HE CAN RIDE WITH ONE OF YOU. CLIMB ABOARD
YOUR MOUNTS AND HURRY... THEY'LL BE
AFTER US IN A MINUTE!



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



TO BE CONTINUED



BOB ^{AND} BILL

The SCOUT TWINS

BOB AND BILL, WHEN EXPLORING A GREAT CAVE WERE CAUGHT IN AN UNDERGROUND LANDSLIDE — AND CARRIED TO A STRANGE WORLD OF GIANTS AND VERY TINY PEOPLE.

DRAWN BY ROBERT BRICE



I DON'T SEE ANY PLACE TO LAND HERE, BILL — IT'S ALL CLIFFS!

WE'LL PADDLE ALONG AND LOOK FOR A BEACH.

AFTER RESCUING THE TINY MEN FROM THE GIANT BATS THE SCOUT TWINS FIND THEMSELVES AT THE EDGE OF AN UNKNOWN SEA.



AS SOON AS WE CAN LAND, WE'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO YOUR OWN COUNTRY, SIR MELCHOIR!

THAT IS MOST KIND OF YOU, SIR BILL — WE TINY MEN COULD NEVER GET THERE ALONE.



BILL, LOOK! WE'RE MOVING FASTER — AND WE'RE NOT EVEN PADDLING!

WE MUST BE CAUGHT IN A TIDAL CURRENT!



PADDLE HARD ON YOUR LEFT, BOB! THE CURRENTS TAKING US STRAIGHT TOWARD THAT ROCK!

WE'LL BE — UH — WRECKED IF WE CAN'T STEER CLEAR!



WE MISSED IT, BOB!

YEAH — BY THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH!

BOB AND BILL



THE CANOE AVOIDS THE ROCK ONLY TO MEET.....





BOB GOES DOWN.....



I SEE HIM... I'LL HAVE HIM
IN A MINUTE... IF ONLY
IT'S NOT TOO LATE...



I GUESS ALL THE TINY
MEN WERE DROWNED...
BUT I'VE SAVED BOB!

BILL HEADS FOR THE
WRECKED BOAT WITH
BOB.....



MOST OF THE WATER IS OUT
OF HIS LUNGS NOW... THE NEXT
THINGS TO GET AIR INTO 'EM!



WE'RE DRIFTING FARTHER
FROM SHORE, BILL... WHAT'S
GOING TO HAPPEN TO US?

I'M NOT WORRYING ABOUT
THAT... THE MAIN THING IS
THAT WE'RE BOTH ALIVE!

SOMETIME LATER, BOB REVIVES.....



A BOAT... I MEAN A
SHIP! NOW WE'LL BE
RESCUED, BILL!

IF THE CREW IS
FRIENDLY! REMEMBER...
WE'RE IN A STRANGE
WORLD, BOB!

BOB AND BILL



BOB AND BILL



BOB AND BILL



CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

GABBY SCOOPS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

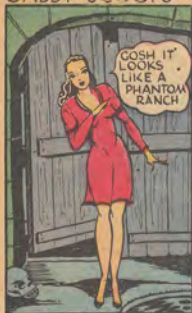
by BILL TREADWELL

DRAWN BY Bill CONNOR

GABBY IS STILL ON THE WEST COAST... JOYCE JILREN WHO HAS RECENTLY QUIT THE MOVIES FOR A REPORTER'S JOB, AND OUR GABBY ARE OUT DRIVING... WHEN THE CAR BREAKS DOWN



GABBY SCOOPS



GABBY SCOOPS

MEANTIME, THE RAIN HAS STOPPED
GABBY RETURNS TO THE CAR AND
FINDS JOYCE GONE




GABBY SCOOPS





CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

STRATOSPHERE JIM AND HIS FLYING FORTRESS

IN THE SECRET HANGAR OF THE FLYING FORTRESS... DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES... JIM HAS BEEN WORKING NIGHT AND DAY OVER SOME PLANS.

WELL, CHIEF, WHAT'S YOUR LATEST BRAINSTORM?... A ROCKET SHIP TO MARS?...


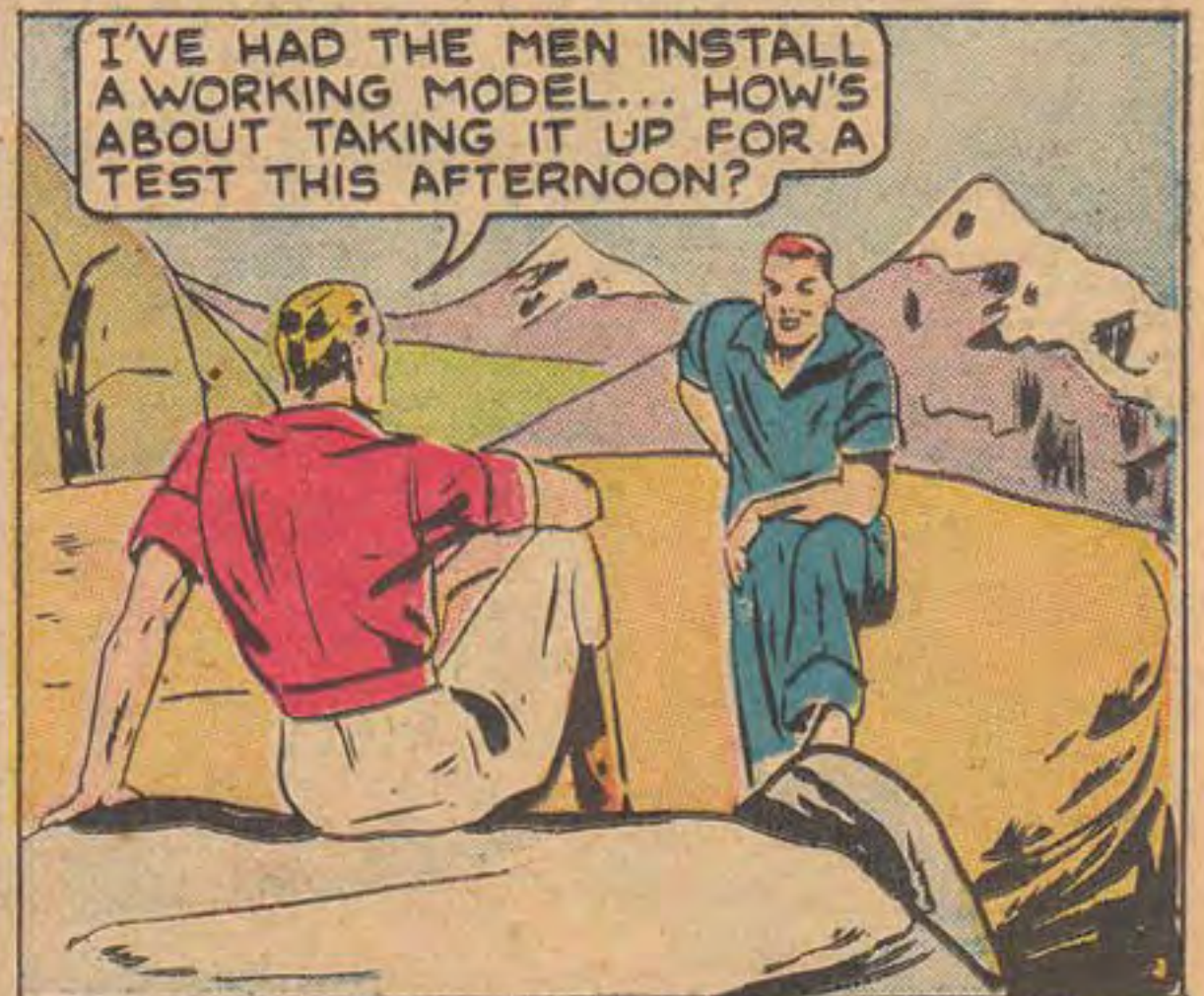
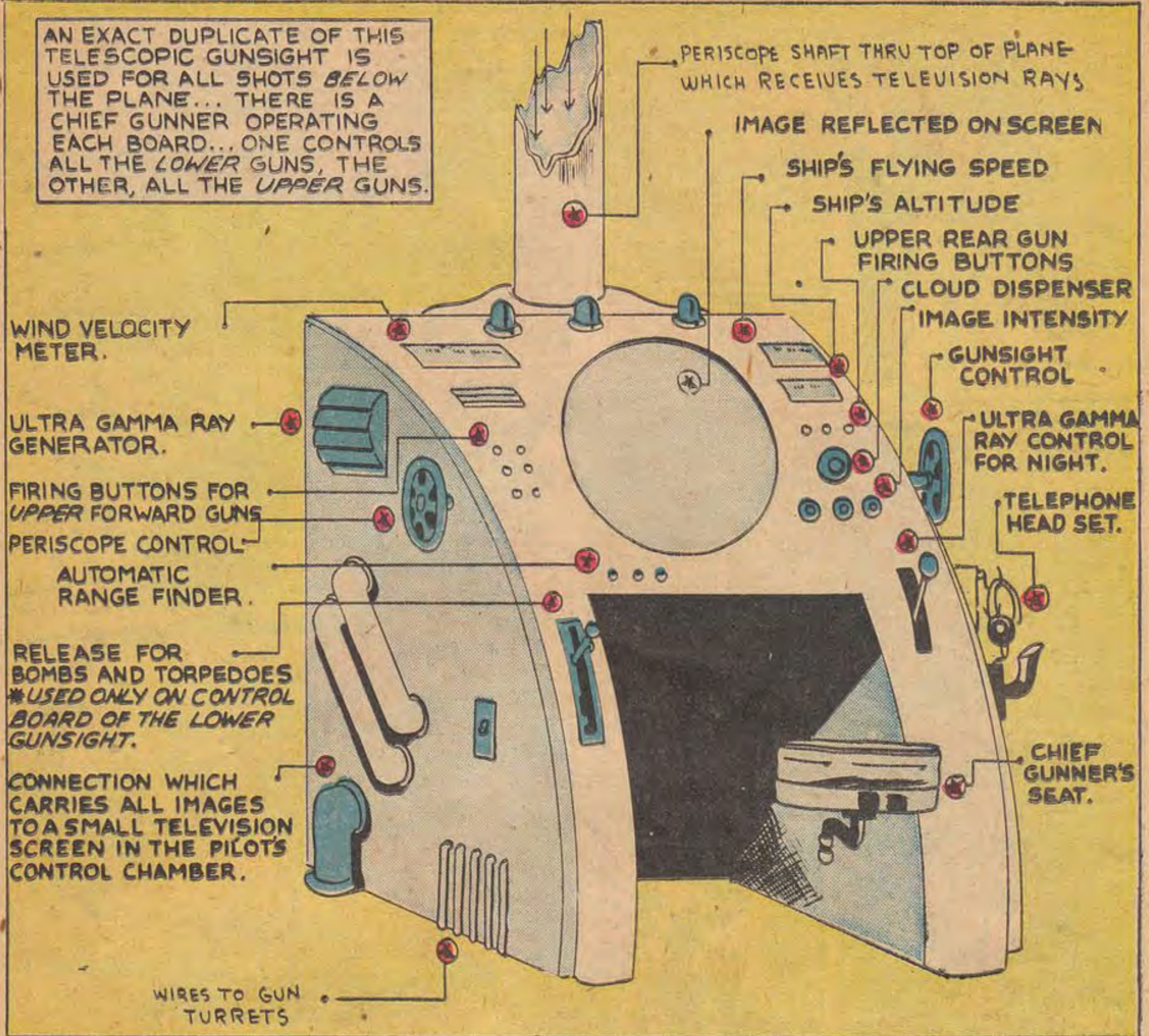
NOT YET, HARRY... BUT I'VE JUST FINISHED A PLAN FOR THE NEW TELEVISION GUNSIGHT.


TELEVISION GUNSIGHT!?!
...BUT WE HAVE ONE!...


THIS IS THE SAME PRINCIPLE... BUT WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THE IMPROVEMENT!

NOW WE CAN USE IT AS A LONG DISTANCE GUNSIGHT, AND AN AUTOMATIC RANGE FINDER AS WELL... LOOK...


FLYING FORTRESS



FLYING FORTRESS



WHEN YOU'RE READY PICK OUT SOME TREE OR ROCK AND TRY TO BLOW IT UP.

JIM CONTACTS THE GUNNERS AT THE CONTROL BOARDS.



FLYING FORTRESS

I GUESS THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY, HARRY. I'LL MAKE A FEW ADJUSTMENTS, AND WE CAN TAKE HER UP AGAIN!



JIM HEADS BACK TO THE PLANE'S SECRET HANGER

ONE OF THE GUNNERS STARTS TOYING WITH TELEVISION SIGHTS AND SUDDENLY...



JIM SEES THE SCENE ON HIS EXTENSION AND CONTACTS THE GUNNER

KEEP YOUR SIGHTS ON THAT 'CHUTE... AND CHECK ITS POSITION!

HUH? I WONDER IF...



WHAT'S THAT!... TWO HUNDRED MILES SOUTHEAST?

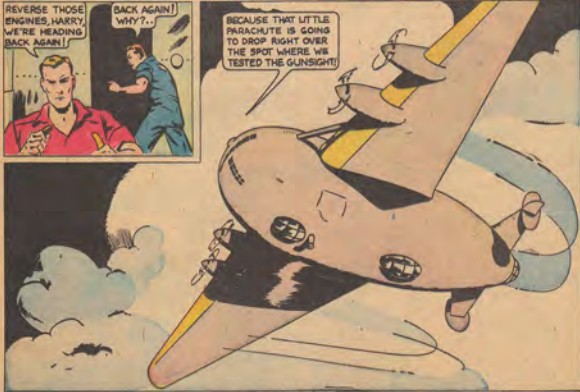


REVERSE THOSE ENGINES, HARRY, WE'RE HEADING BACK AGAIN!

BACK AGAIN! WHY?...



BECAUSE THAT LITTLE PARACHUTE IS GOING TO DROP RIGHT OVER THE SPOT WHERE WE TESTED THE GUN SIGHT!



FLYING FORTRESS

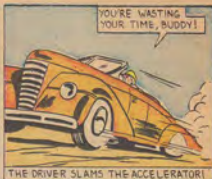


FLYING FORTRESS



USING THE HELICOPTER PROPELLERS, JIM KEEPS THE PLANE JUST ABOVE THE ROAD.

FLYING FORTRESS



FLYING FORTRESS



CONTINUED

CLYDE BEATTY

DRAWN BY
Jim HAMBERS



CLYDE BEATTY HAS BEEN HUNTING WILD ANIMALS IN THE UNEXPLORED JUNGLES OF THE AMAZON RIVER. HE STUMBLES UPON A TRIBE OF WHITE SAVAGES WHO MAKE HIM PRISONER ---- ALONG WITH HIS NATIVE GUIDE AND HIS CHINESE BOY WIG WONG----

Cap., TM, By Famous Artists Sys., Inc.



HOW LONG TIME YOU THINK WE GOT MASTER, BEFORE WHITE INJUNS COME TO THROW US IN VOLCANO?

NOT MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES --- TO JUDGE BY THE YELLING OVER THERE IN THE VILLAGE.



TIME ENOUGH TO CUTTEE MY HANDS LOOSE WITH LAZOR THEN WE CUTTEE YOU---

WHAT? YOU HAD A RAZOR HIDDEN IN YOUR SLEEVE? THAT GIVES US A CHANCE--



ONCE IN POSITION WIG WONG'S RAZOR SLICES QUICKLY THRU THE ROPES---



YOU CUT THE GUIDE LOOSE NEXT-- I'LL FREE THE GIRLS!

GALS NOT WANTEE GET FREE, MASTER. THEY WANTEE DIE FO' SACRIFICE IN VOLCANO.



I'LL HAVE YOU TWO FREE IN A JIFFY-- THEN WE'LL ALL CLEAR OUT!

NO! GO AWAY! YOU MUST NOT TOUCH ONE SACRIFICED TO THE VOLCANO GOD!



AI-EEE! THE STRANGERS ESCAPE!



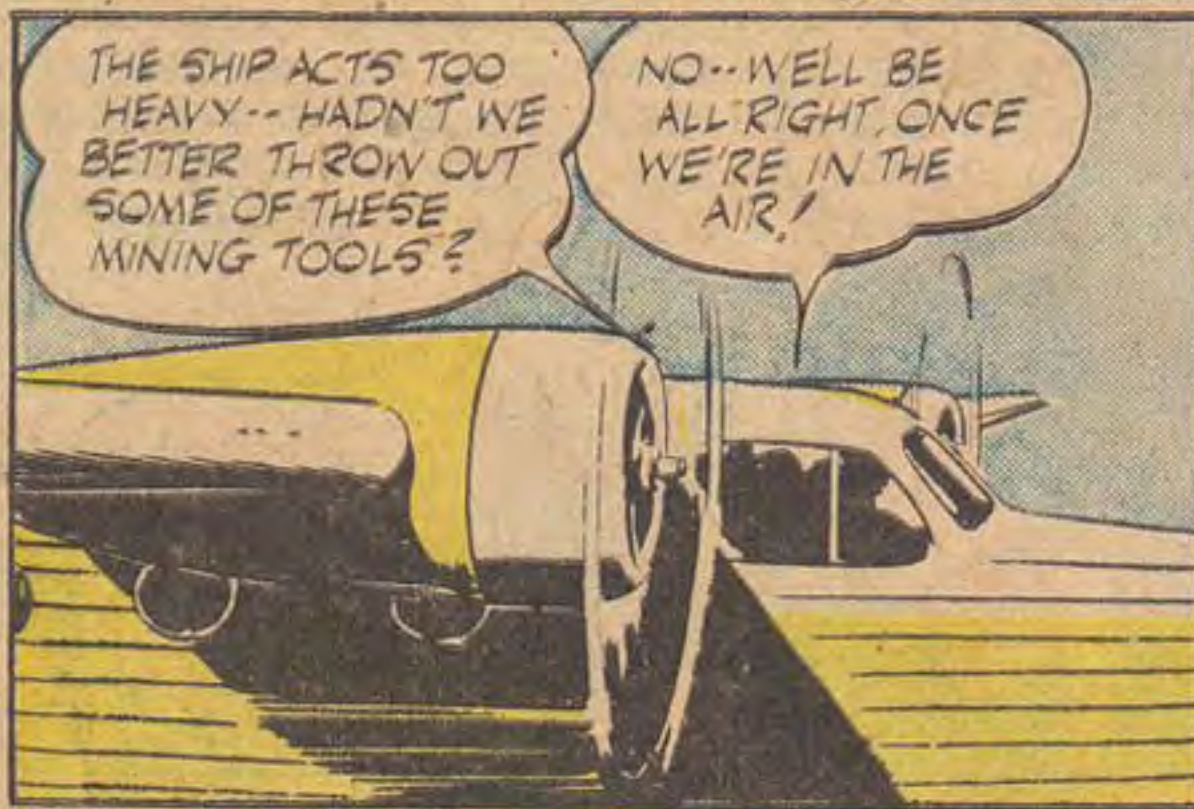
CLYDE BEATTY



CLYDE BEATTY



CLYDE BEATTY



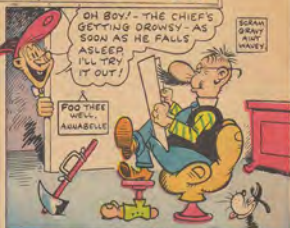
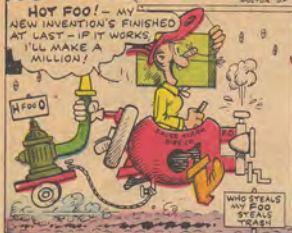
CLYDE BEATTY



CONTINUED NEXT MONTH...

SMOKEY STOVER

CLIPPED BY THE **BILL HOLMAN** CUTOONISTS
DOCTOR OF JOKESTORY



FOO - LOSOPHY

DON'T GO BAREHEADED DURING WINTER. IT'S EASIER TO CHECK A HAT THAN A COLD.

WALTER LANTZ *Presents* **ANDY PANDA**

© 1941, BY WALTER LANTZ



ANDY PANDA



The BACKWARD HERO

Tubby Parker was feeling pretty blue. This was his last year in school and he had been pretty much of a flop as a football hero. When he had first reported for practice in his first year, he had enjoyed all sorts of visions—his name in the headlines, his picture on all the sports pages and incidentally, admiring glances from all the girls.

"Gee," he mused, "there's been no headlines for me—not even my name in the paper—except that time two years ago when I fumbled on the two yard line and Tech beat us 7 to 6. Somehow or other, Coach Burns hasn't seemed to like me ever since. I've got half a mind to quit the team and give up football."

"Gosh, you can't do that!" exclaimed Piggy Short, his roommate. Piggy didn't play football. He was much too small for that. But he professed to know all about the science of the game and took great delight in offering his advice to the much sturdier, if not so brilliant, Tubby. "This is your last year. You may get your big chance. You can't let the school down."

"Yeah—get my big chance!" groaned Tubby. "That's a laugh. You know I'll never get in there as long as Flash Sparks is able to walk. I've been his understudy for three years now. That guy must be made of cast iron. He never gets hurt."

"Well, you can't tell," began Piggy hopefully. "Maybe Flash will have to be taken out one of these games—although I hope for our sake he doesn't—I mean—er—it would be tough on Flash if he were to get hurt."

"I know what you mean, alright," grunted Tubby. "It would be tough on Central if Flash got hurt and the coach had to put me in the game. You're like all the rest of them."

Piggy decided he had said enough for the time being. Perhaps it would be better to await developments. Central was playing the tough Tech team the next day and Tubby might get his chance after all.

When Saturday afternoon arrived, the weather seemed in tune with Tubby's droopy spirits. Rain

sloshed down from the skies in heavy sheets. The football field was a quagmire of water and mud. But the stands were filled with enthusiastic rooters. A mere rainstorm could not keep them away from the battle of the year.

"I might as well stay right here in this nice dry locker room," thought Tubby to himself, as he pulled on his uniform. "It's a lot better than sliding up and down on that wet substitute bench out there. I'll only get wet—in the end. Ha, ha, ha. Am I funny?"

Tech kicked off to Central a few minutes later and Tubby sat dolefully on the bench as the teams settled down to a see-saw battle on the soggy field. An early fumble gave Tech its chance and after several vain attempts to advance the ball, the Tech fullback dropped back and executed a perfect field goal from the 15 yard line. Tech was out in front 3-0.

Then Central fought back. Flash Sparks threw all his fury into the play. Time after time he lugged the ball in smashing attacks into the Tech line. Shortly before the half, his efforts bore fruit when he crashed over tackle from the three yard line for the precious touchdown. With the ball now heavy and soggy, the field a sea of mud, the try for extra point went slithering away at an angle, far wide of the uprights. But what matter, elated the Central rooters. Central was ahead 6 to 3.

So the game went through the third quarter and most of the fourth. Minutes were ticking away and Central was hurling back every desperate effort on the part of Tech to score. Only two minutes remained now and Central had taken over on downs deep in their own territory. Suddenly, a cry went up from the stands. Flash Sparks was writhing on the ground after the first scrimmage. He was painfully hurt and his teammates bent over him anxiously.

"He's done for," muttered Doc Caster, the trainer. "It's his leg, coach. Looks like it's broken. We'll have to carry him off."

"Parker!" Coach Burns looked up and down the bench. "Parker. Get in there for Sparks right away. And for heaven's sake, keep your hands off the ball. Just get in Tech's way as much as you can and when we have to punt to them, help those boys to hold that line for the next two minutes."

Tubby Parker was on the field, joining his teammates before he really knew what had happened. He was still in a daze when he lined up with the team and heard the signals. Another smash at the line that gained nothing and it was still Central, third down and ten to go. One more try at the line and then a punt. From then on it would be a battle to keep Tech from scoring.

Tubby heard the signals vaguely. Suddenly, the ball came back from center—a bad pass—intended for another back—but it sailed right into Tubby's hands. A groan went up from the stands. "That's the guy that handed Tech the game two years ago," someone said.

Tubby stood for a moment petrified. The unexpected arrival of the ball in his arms had stunned him with surprise. But there it was, clutched firmly between his palms. At that moment, one of the Tech tackles hit Tubby like a ton of bricks. The top of his head crashed against Tubby's cheek and Tubby began to see a myriad of stars twinkling before his eyes and a funny ringing filled his ears.

"Run! Run!" he heard someone yell and he realized he was still on his feet. Tubby started to run. He was loose, he was free and he turned on all his power. Suddenly, all too suddenly, he saw the goalposts before him and he tumbled between them—a touchdown!

Tubby's head was clearer when he stood up. He looked around in surprise at his teammates. They weren't patting him on the back. Then he realized that he had run under his own goal posts. He had scored a safety for Tech. The score was now 6 to 5.

But Tubby's run had taken up precious minutes and Central was still ahead. They now had the privilege of kicking off to Tech and the ball soared far down the field. When the Tech runner was brought down after the kick-off, the play was deep in Tech's territory. The Tech players sensed the hopelessness of their position and their spirit sagged. A moment later, the gun signalled the end of the game.

"Parker Saves Game for Central," screamed the headlines that night. "Brainy play by Central halfback scores deliberate safety on wet field and stalls Tech's late rally."

"Boy, you're a hero!" exclaimed Piggy Short. "I knew you'd do it some day. Just like I always said—it's science that counts in any game."

Tubby Parker said nothing. He was still in a beautiful daze.



Don Winslow
OF THE
NAVY
by
F.V. MARTINEK

WHEN THE TOR-
PEDOES FROM OWL-
EYE'S SUB FOULED
EACH OTHER, THE
YACHT RETURNED
FIRED AND SANK
THE SUBMARINE.

RED, EVEN
THOUGH OWL-EYES
AND HIS CREW ARE
MURDEROUS RATS WE
HAVE NO RIGHT TO PASS
DEATH SENTENCE!
WE'VE GOT TO
SAVE THEM!

NEAR THE U.S.
NAVAL BASE AT
GUANTANAMO,
CUBA, UNCLE
SAM'S FLEET
IS ON MANEU-
VERS. COMES
A RADIO MES-
SAGE TO THE
COMMANDANT

"CIVILIAN-OWNED SUBMARINE
DISABLED AND SUNK OFF NORTHERN
CUBA"—BLISTERING BATTLEWAGONS!
WHAT'S ALL THIS??"

ADMIRAL HORTON SPEAKING—
ORDER THE SUBMARINE RESCUE SHIP
HAWK DETACHED FROM MANEUVERS
IMMEDIATELY, TO PROCEED
ON URGENT RESCUE MISSION TO
FOLLOWING LOCATION—

AN HOUR LATER—THE HAWK SPEEDS
FOR NORTHERN CUBA UNDER FORCED DRAFT

COMMANDER
WINSLOW? DID
HE SEND THAT
MESSAGE?

RIGHT, SAYS
THIS SUB'S DOWN
WEST OF HAVANA
AND THE YACHT
SOUTHERN CROSS IS
ANCHORED OVER THE SPOT

MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE SOUTHERN CROSS

OH, CAPTAIN
DON! CAN'T WE
DO SOMETHING TO
HELP THOSE POOR
MEN DOWN THERE?

NOTHING,
JESSIE—EXCEPT
WAIT FOR
THE HAWK

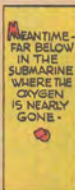
DON WINSLOW

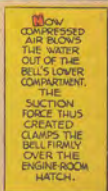


DON WINSLOW



IN THE DARKNESS FAR BELOW, THE DIVER CLAMBERS PAST THE WRECKED CONNING TOWER





SMOKEY STOVER

AIR CONDITIONED BY THE **BILL HOLMAN** MICROPHONIES
DIVISION OF REGISTRATION

HOLY FOO! - THIS IS AWFUL! THEY'RE GONNA TAKE AWAY MY RADIO IF I DON'T MAKE THE FINAL PAYMENT WITHIN AN HOUR!



THAT SET COST ME \$138.50 - IT'D BREAK MY HEART TO LOSE IT AFTER SINKING ALL THAT DOUGH IN IT!!



WHAT'S EATING YOU, LOVEY? YOU LOOK LIKE A SOFT DRINK BOTTLE THAT JUST LOST ITS POP!!



RELAX, CHIEF - LEAVE IT TO ME - I'LL HAVE YOUR TEN BUCKS IN NO TIME!



HERE'S YOUR DOUGH, DEARE - I NEVER FAILED YOU YET!

BOY - YOU'RE A PAL - YOU SURE SAVED THE DAY - WHERE'D YOU GET IT?

I SOLD YOUR RADIO TO A TRAVELING SALESMAN WHO WAS JUST LEAVING TOWN!!



IF YOU CAN CARRY A TUNE YOU CAN PLAY THE GAHOON!



9 OUT OF 10
PLAY IT
IN TEN
MINUTES

SOUNDS
LIKE
A
SAXO-
PHONE

NOT A
HUMMING TOY
NOT A
WHISTLING
GADGET

IT'S A
REAL
MUSICAL
INSTRUMENT

GENUINE
SAXOPHONE
MOUTHPIECE
GENUINE
SAXOPHONE
REED

IT'S
A
SENSATION
AT
PARTIES

PLAY SWING
BOOGIE
WOOGIE-
RUMBA

PLAYS "SWEET"
PLAYS
"HOT"

NOTHING
MORE TO PAY
Complete
\$7.00

MAIL TO DAY

PICK IT UP AND PLAY IT!

No study—no lessons—no musical education—
no reading of notes—no practice. Simply
bend the mysterious stem and **PLAY IT!**

THE AMAZING GAHOON—the sensational new musical
invention that nine out of ten people can play in 10 minutes.
Gives two full octaves of rich, clear tone like an E-flat Saxo-
phone. Genuine Sax mouthpiece—Genuine Sax reed. Built
on the same principle as a Saxophone, EXCEPT, with the
mysterious new simplified Principle. Instead of opening air
ports, you merely bend the coiled-spring stem. This shortening
or lengthening of the air column determines the tone, half-tone
or quarter-tone. What a hit at parties, in school bands, army
bands, in amateur or professional hill-billy and jug bands, in
rhythm bands, or as accompaniment for sing-
ing. Plays any type of music from Bach to
Carmichael. The more you play, the better
you become. Play "hot, sweet," loud, soft,
rumba, boogie-woogie or classical.

BOYS! GIRLS!

Play by "bend" the big
dance orchestra for your
entertainment. It will
on the radio, or play a record
on the "be" and you take
the "beat" with your \$6.
\$6.00. Get your friends
interested and organize a
GAHOON band for school
entertainment and party
concerts. Or be the "hot"
at parties with your \$6.
\$6.00. Easy to play, fun
to play, and real music
without study or practice
notes. Get Dad to Mother
to order GAHOONS for the
whole family, and are how
quick you'll be putting in
the "hot" like while the
family plays the harmony.
Any boy or girl ten years
of age, in order can learn
to play the GAHOON in ten
minutes, or less.
Send your order today.
Remember, you get your
money back if you return
the GAHOON in ten days.

MONEY BACK IF YOU DON'T PLAY IT IN TEN MINUTES

The **GAHOON** is yours for \$1.00—a hundred dollars
worth of fun and melody. AND—\$1.00 is NOT the
DOWN PAYMENT. It is the complete and only
final payment. Simple and exact instructions furnished
with each **GAHOON**. Read them once, THEN if you
are not playing melody in 10 minutes, return the
GAHOON and your \$1.00 will be refunded at once,
without quibble or question. Send for yours now.
Be the first in your group to introduce this amazing new
musical sensation. Surprise and delight your friends with
your musical skill. Send the coupon with a \$1.00 bill or
P. O. Money Order.

Gahoon Prod.
Co., Dept. 910,
520 N. Mich. Ave.
Chicago, Illinois.

Mail postage prepaid One Standard E-Flat Alto
GAHOON, with simple and exact instructions for
playing melody in ten minutes. I enclose \$1.00 in full
payment and you agree to return this \$1.00 if I return
the Gahoon in ten days after getting it.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

GAHOON PROD. CO., Dept. 910, 520 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.